
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JULY, 1819.

MRS. SARAH TRIMMER.

IN the long list of British ladies who have united great literary talents to all the virtues which can adorn their sex, no name stands more conspicuous than that of the subject of our present Memoir. She was, in the truest and purest sense of the word, a Christian; and throughout the whole of her life, furnished such a union as is rarely seen, of precept aided by example.

Mrs. Trimmer's maiden name was Kirby; she was born in the year 1740; her grandfather was a respectable school-master at Orford, in Suffolk, and the author of a book on Topography. His son, the father of Mrs. Trimmer, began life in the humble situation of a house-painter, at Ipswich; but afterwards obtained the post of designer in perspective to his present Majesty; for which honourable situation he was indebted solely to his own genius, and steady application. While Mr. Kirby was yet very young, he became intimate with Gainsborough, the celebrated painter; and this connexion led to his forming a friendship with Sir Joshua Reynolds, and to several other intimacies, which were very serviceable to him in life. These connexions induced him to settle in London; and his friend Gainsborough, who soon discovered the extraor-

dinary talents which he possessed, encouraged him to persevere in the study of perspective, in which he made such progress, that he was afterwards engaged by the society of artists in London to read lectures on that branch of science.

Several years previous to this rise in his fortunes, Mr. Kirby had married Miss Sarah Bull, of Framlingham, in Suffolk; a marriage which tended, in every respect, to promote his happiness. Two children, a son and a daughter, were the fruit of this union. The son, William, early evinced a decided taste for the arts, and was honoured with the patronage of the king, who, in order to facilitate his progress in the profession for which he was intended, that of an architect, sent him to Italy to pursue his studies. There is no doubt that he would have risen to considerable eminence, had he lived; but he died at an early age, shortly after his return from Italy, in the year 1771.

His afflicted parents were, in some degree, consoled for the loss of a beloved and only son, by the filial piety of their remaining child; who though married, while she was still very young, to Mr. Trimmer, of Brentford, and surrounded, at the period of which we are speaking, by a family of her own, yet found time to practise, in their fullest extent, the duties of a daughter, as well as those of a wife and mother.

Impressed herself, in her early years, with a just sense of religion, it was Mrs. Trimmer's incessant care to instil its divine precepts into the minds of her children. This duty she performed in a manner well worthy of the imitation of all who are entrusted with such a charge; there was nothing gloomy or intolerant in her zeal; on the contrary, her piety added to the natural cheerfulness of her disposition; and we may truly say, that her example did even more than her precepts in forming the minds of her children to virtue. Her pious endeavours were crowned with success, and she had the happiness to see her children grow up worthy of such a mother.

In a few years after the death of her brother, Mrs. Trimmer lost both her parents; they were buried in Kew church-yard. Gainsborough had continued through life the intimate acquaintance of Mr. Kirby; he survived him several years, but he never forgot their friendship, and, agreeably to his request, his body was placed in Kew church-yard, by the side of his early and attached friend.

Much as Mrs. Trimmer was engrossed by the duties of her family, it is yet a well-known fact, that she found both time and money, though her income was a limited one, to relieve the wants of others; but the pure benevolence of her spirit led her to take more than a temporary interest in the distresses of her fellow-creatures; she was conscious that much might be done to check the growth of vice by books adapted to the capacities of the lower orders, and she turned her thoughts to the composition of works of that description, from an ardent desire to benefit the rising generation.

In this laborious task, which she imposed upon herself, she displayed abilities of the first order; but the celebrity which she speedily acquired, had no effect on the native humility of her mind; she rejoiced, indeed, in the success of her endeavours, but she rejoiced for the sake only of those were benefited by them. She never coveted literary distinction, though it was awarded her by the unanimous voice of the public; nor did the admiration bestowed upon her works, by those whose learning and talents rendered their praise fame, ever induce her to depart from her original plan; she began as the instructress of the youthful and unenlightened, and she continued to be so, during the whole of her literary career.

It is said to be principally owing to the strenuous endeavours of this admirable woman, that charity-schools, and schools of industry, were established in the town of Old Brentford and its vicinity. She superintended these institutions personally, and brought to perfection Dr. Bell's system of education, which she decidedly preferred to the Lancastrian mode, as she thought that something more

than merely reading the Scriptures was necessary to form the youthful mind to the true principles of the Christian religion.

These pursuits were attended with the blessing they deserved. Mrs. Trimmer saw several of her children respectably settled in life, and their duty and affection amply repaid her maternal solicitude; but she had the misfortune to lose two of them when she was far advanced in life; she felt this deprivation most keenly, but she submitted to it with pious resignation.

On the 15th December, 1809, she closed her exemplary career. She was seated, reading the letters of a deceased friend, when, without giving any indication of pain or illness, her pure spirit passed away as tranquilly as though she had sunk into a calm slumber. So peaceful, indeed, was her departure, that the precise moment of it could not be ascertained. It has been said, that she prayed for such a death; but the reverend gentleman who preached her funeral sermon denied this; he said, she had wished to be spared a lingering illness, or the decay of her mental faculties; but she always prayed for some time to be allowed her to prepare for death. All who knew her, will, we think, agree with us, that she was prepared by a life spent in the practice of every virtue.

Mrs. Trimmer's works are so numerous, that we cannot insert a list of the whole; we shall, therefore, mention a few of the most prominent. Her first work, published in 1780, was, *An Easy Introduction to the Knowledge of Nature and Reading the Holy Scriptures*. This was followed by *Sacred History*; *The Servant's Friend*; *The Economy of Charity*; *Account of Sunday Schools at Brentford*; *Commentary on Watts's Songs*; *Easy Lessons for Young Children*; *The Two Farmers*; *Cobwebs to catch Flies*; *Sunday Scholar's Manual*; *Sunday-School Catechist*; *Fabulous Histories*; *Reflections upon the Education of Children in Charity-Schools*; *An Attempt to Familiarize the Catechism*; *The Guardian of Education*; and various others.

VIEWS OF LIFE AND CHARACTER.

No. III.

To C. CANDID, Esq.

SIR,

YOUR first paper fell into my hands the other day, and I was so struck with the originality of your sentiments, that I determined to ask your opinion on a matter which is of considerable importance to me. From what you say of yourself, you are not famed for what, in the language of the world, is called politeness; but I neither want nor expect flattery; all I desire is, that you will give me your opinion truly and sincerely; and when I tell you that I am a beauty and an heiress, I am sure you will agree with me, that it is not very often I have an opportunity of hearing the truth.

In order, sir, to explain what it is I want your opinion about, I must trouble you with a brief sketch of my situation. I am just turned of twenty-one, and am completely my own mistress; I have a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, and a very pretty person, (the truth of this last assertion will be confirmed by all my male acquaintances.) Ever since I attained my fifteenth year, I have been surrounded by admirers; my heart, however, is still free; but I am at present addressed by two gentlemen, both of whom are so every way unexceptionable, that I am half inclined to give my hand to one of them, though I am doubtful which to prefer. Both are young, rather handsome, rich, and though of different dispositions, yet of equally fair character. The one, Sir Silvertongue Smoothspeech, appears to entertain the most passionate regard for me; he never speaks but to extol my virtues,

or my charms; and, if I accuse him of flattery, he vows, with an air of the most perfect sincerity, that all he can say on the subject of my perfections falls short of the truth.

Now do not imagine, my good cynical sir, that I am such a fool as to believe him; no; I have not quite so much vanity as that neither; and yet I cannot help being pleased with his telling me so; because, though I know he flatters me, I think he does it unintentionally, and that his passion hoodwinks his reason; and, I confess, I am woman enough to be delighted with the idea of so completely subjugating a man who, in other respects, does not want sense.

Mr. Trueworth, my other lover, seldom says a civil thing to me, and though I cannot accuse him of contradicting me with rudeness, or asperity, he is notwithstanding very tenacious of his own opinion, and in any thing of importance, or rather, I should say, any thing which he considers of importance, will maintain it stoutly in opposition to mine. But why do I waste time in describing my two lovers to you, when, by relating a circumstance which took place the other day, they will describe themselves much better than I can?

They both happened to be with me when one of my tradespeople sent for my inspection a beautiful white lace veil, which had just arrived from Paris; the price was eighty guineas, and the largeness of the sum rather startled me; however, I threw it carelessly over my head, to try the effect it would have on my figure; and it formed the most graceful drapery you ever beheld. Sir Silver-tongue was in raptures with it; he advised me to purchase it by all means; and declared, no sum ought to be thought extravagant for an ornament which displayed the fine proportions of my form to such advantage. While he was running on with compliments to me, intermixed with classical allusions to the ancient use of the veil, Mr. Trueworth remained silent, till I asked his opinion, when he gave it coldly, but decidedly against my buying it. I was

so piqued by his manner, that I complimented him sarcastically upon his love of economy; and would you believe that he had the hardihood to tell me, that he did not consider I had any right to dispose of such a sum for a superfluous piece of attire, which was of no use whatever. (*Entre nous*, I could plainly see that his eyes sparkled with admiration when I first put on this superfluous ornament.) Well, sir, I was so provoked at the obstinacy with which he supported his opinion, and the insolent lecture which he read me on the duty I owed to society, that I bought the veil purely to spite him; and he walked away directly with the air of an affronted Bashaw.

Three days passed without my seeing him; and, I believe, he had actually taken French leave. On the fourth day, we met by chance in company, where a subscription was proposed for a distressed family. The account given me of their situation affected me very much; and I was greatly pleased to see that Sir Silvertongue, who is always my shadow, appeared to feel it also; he gave five guineas. Mr. Trueworth's subscription was only one pound; but, by mere chance, I met him afterwards in the apartment of these poor people, whose situation I had a mind privately to enquire into, and I found that he had been beforehand with me, and had relieved them nobly. This circumstance has renewed our intercourse, and, I confess, weighs much with me in his favour; but yet, when I reflect upon what he is as a lover, I am sadly afraid he will make a most arbitrary husband. I have always heard that love is blind; how then can I believe that he truly loves me, when he is so clear-sighted to my faults, that he sees them even in exaggerated colours? If I marry him, I may have an imperious master; but if I bestow my hand on Sir Silvertongue, I have every prospect to be "queen for life." Oh! that I could take a peep into the hearts of both! that would decide the matter at once; but as that cannot be, do, my good sir, give me the benefit of that experience which you say you possess, and tell me truly which you think will make the best husband; I will

not promise to be guided by your opinion; but at least, I will thank you very sincerely for giving it, and that, according to your own account, is more civility than you always meet with, I beg of you also to favour me with it speedily.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

CHARLOTTE ——.

Although I imagine that my opinion of this young lady's adorers, will make three parts of my female readers send me to Coventry, yet I have too great a respect for truth to be silent when called upon for my sentiments; and they are, with all due respect to my fair correspondent, that she is wholly and entirely wrong in her judgment respecting both these gentlemen. The one disdains to flatter her as a mistress, but the evidently high sense of honour, which will not let him stoop to degrade himself, added to the humanity which forms a prominent trait in his character, are ample sureties that his wife would be treated with kindness and respect, and that while he took care to preserve his own privileges, he would hold her's sacred.

As to the other "holiday and silken fool," for such, in truth, I think he is, without supposing that a part of his tender sighs are breathed for the possession of my correspondent's twenty thousand, (though there might be some truth in that supposition too) it is clear to me, that his passion, even if real, is of that sort which possession would speedily pall; and I have little doubt that he would indemnify himself for all his forced submissions to the pretty caprices of his mistress, by exacting the most unbounded obedience from his wife. Let my correspondent then beware how she offers herself a sacrifice at the shrine of vanity, lest, instead of being "queen," she should find herself a wretch for life.

C. CANDID.

THE BATTUECAS;
A ROMANCE,
FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,
FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(Continued from page 320, Vol. IX.)

As he was entering a highway, a confused noise of men and horses struck his ear. After all that he had seen, the noise, which announced the approach of a warlike troop, was to him only a signal for carnage and destruction!—He stops;—looks at the infant whom he had just adopted; and trembles!—O God! said he, have I saved this infant only to see her massacred in my arms!—Extremely agitated, he quickly reflects; and seeing at some distance, in a copse, the large hollow trunk of a tree, he slips the child into the tree, gives her fruit, seats her upon moss, covers the trunk with tree-leaves, and returns to the high road to examine the movements of the troop. At least, said he, if I cannot shun it, should it overtake me, the child is concealed. O God! protector of orphans, if I am overcome, watch over this deserted being! Oh! may some compassionate traveller pick her up, and may an act of humanity in these places, stained by so many crimes, not have been done in vain!

The troop was advancing;—Placid, so active in running, could still avoid it by flying with all his might to the opposite side; but he could not resolve to lose sight of the tree to which he had confided the infant; he hesitated, and suddenly three soldiers, detached from their regiment, leap over a hedge fifty paces from him, saying, that they saw him at a distance conceal something in the hollow of

a tree ; and they would have it.—Only with my life shall you have it, cried Placid.—At these words, one of the soldiers rushed on him with his sword raised.—Placid, with a vigorous hand, snatched his sword from him, and with the other threw him down—the two other soldiers were going to fall upon him, when a young man on horseback, riding full gallop, cried out, Stop, stop, soldiers ! I order you, on pain of death.—The soldiers remain motionless ; and Placid throws them the sword that he had conquered.—The officer followed, and soon reached by the regiment, addresses the soldiers, and says, in a severe tone, You ought not to leave the troop ; and especially not to attack a peaceful, unarmed traveller. You know the firmness of your colonel ; he neither tolerates the want of discipline, nor cowardice.—This man is a spy, answered one of the soldiers : we saw him hide a parcel, and doubtless letters, in the hollow of this tree.—You must lead me there, said the officer. During this conversation, Placid was astonished that a soldier should express sentiments of equity ; but still he looked on all these soldiers with abhorrence ; for he supposed that they were the men who had sacked the unfortunate town he had passed through. The officer, turning to him, examined him with astonishment ; he was struck with the nobleness of his appearance, the beauty of his countenance, the haughtiness of his demeanour, the disorder of his hair, and his half-burnt clothes. Young man, said he, who are you ? and whence come you ?—I am, answered Placid, a stranger, who would have been happy, had he never travelled ; and I come from a town in which you have left nothing but stones and dead bodies.—You are deceived, replied the officer ; we know of the excesses which have been committed in that place ; but we have taken no part in them ; our regiment has never been in that town.

This explanation softened Placid a little ; it seemed as if his heart was relieved from an enormous weight, when they informed him, that the soldiers who surrounded him, and whose fine appearance he could not help admiring,

were not guilty of the crimes which filled him with such just abhorrence.

Some officers called out to request, that the tree pointed out by the soldier should be searched, since it might really contain important papers. Placid, somewhat recovered, conducted the principal officers to the tree; and, removing the leaves, he drew the child from the trunk, who stretched out her arms to him.—This, said he, is the treasure that I have concealed.—Be assured, said the commander of the battalion, that it would have been perfectly safe in our hands. Now, continued he, do not conceal from us who you are.—I am a Battuécas.—A *Battuécas!* loudly repeated all the officers; and your name?—I am called Placid.—Placid! good God! it is he! it is he! exclaimed the officers; and conducted Placid to the corps, calling out—Soldiers! this is our deliverer! this is that Battuécas! that Placid! whose salutary caution, engraved upon the poisoned cistern, this morning saved our lives! Let us inform the colonel, who is at a little distance with the advanced guard. At these words, an officer on horseback departs full speed; and all the soldiers, delighted, surround Placid, and overwhelm him with caresses; every one wished to make him a present; and all proposed to offer him an equal sum of money. This enthusiastic gratitude, expressed with French frankness and vivacity, strongly affected Placid, who, constantly holding the child to his breast, refused their offer; but thanked them from his heart. Generous soldiers! said he, your gifts would be useless to me; but I recommend women, the young, the aged, and infirm, to your humanity! They invited Placid to follow the troop, which was going to meet the colonel, whom they soon perceived in full gallop. Placid, casting his eyes upon this officer, experiences the most pleasing surprise; the colonel leaps from his horse; and throws himself into Placid's arms, who immediately recollects Adolphus of Palmène!

The colonel orders the troop, which was a regiment of infantry, to continue its route; and he would soon over-

take them. He conversed with Placid a short time, and informed him, that he had married Leontine; and should be one of the happiest men, but for this disastrous war, which he and his countrymen were carrying on with much repugnance; and which separated him from his wife and family. Placid could not conceal the horror and misanthropy which he felt at the frightful scenes he had witnessed within the last three days. No, said he, though my stay at Madrid had overturned all the ideas I had formed of a civilization founded on the sublime morality of the Gospel, I should never have imagined, that men, enlightened by such knowledge, that minds cultivated by such noble studies, and the reading of so many excellent works, could be so lost to the dictates of reason, religion, and humanity, as to collect in numerous corps, under skilful commanders, by the direction of a sovereign, and abandon themselves to every species of outrage, rapaciousness, and cruelty!—Alas! my dear Placid! replied Adolphus, almost all those commanders of whom you speak, regret them. But it is too often repeated, and is too generally believed, that these excesses are inseparable from war. Ah! doubtless, with firmness and certain precautions, they might be prevented. Till now, I have kept my regiment within bounds. There would be very few crimes of this kind known in war, if the phrenzy of the soldiers did not dis honour the general! But what can be expected from young conscripts, who, in the ardour of youth, confound brutality and cruelty with volour? What can be expected from them, if their commanders intoxicate them with strong liquors before the assault of a town, and promise them the plunder of it?—And are these abominable commanders, on returning to their country, received into society again?—Yes, enthusiastically, if they subdue the country that they have been ravaging!—But how can any one sit down with composure by the side of a monster who has authorised those whom he commanded to profane the church, dishonour virgins, and murder men, women, and children! for, *to promise plunder*, is to exhort them to com-

mit all these atrocities.—And when the sovereign of a great nation, in the most unjust war, himself commits all these crimes, if he seizes on the country whose population he has destroyed, statues are raised to him; his contemporaries call him a hero; and history confirms the judgment.—O! inconceivable madness!—Yet do not believe, my dear Placid, that all wars are like this. Our troops are irritated by the too-well founded, but sanguinary resentment of the Spaniards; when the attack is evidently unjust, the defence is cruel; and then hate and revenge produce every crime. Cruel and mad ambition! cried Placid, an infernal desire of invading, usurping, and making conquests, is thy detestable consequence. O! unfortunate Europe, inundated with blood, overthrown, and delivered to the furies by thy own children! If religion and humanity, by a happy effort, do not suddenly draw thee out of this frightful infatuation, and restore thee to a love of peace, and the noble idea of true glory, the avenging arm of the Eternal will be extended over thee; thou wilt lose those sciences, those talents, and that cultivation of mind, which have not been able to preserve thee from so fatal a depravation; thou wilt fall into an humiliating decay; and, suffering the shame and horror of the most terrible reprobation, after having been humbled and disgraced, thou wilt be exterminated.

At these words, Placid strongly clasped the hand of Adolphus; and, abruptly turning his back to him, went away, running with such rapidity, that a man on horseback could not have overtaken him; for, without stopping, he jumped over the stumps of trees, and leaped clean over ditches and hedges. While he was running, which lasted near a quarter of an hour, the child, whom he had tied round his body, and whom he constantly held with one arm, cried more than once; but nothing could stop him, till he was beyond the reach of human voices: he wished to fly from soldiers and from men; he wanted to be alone; and a desert would to him have been a voluptuous retreat.

THE HERMIT.

At length profound silence and the freshness of a fine evening calmed the agitation of his frame and heated imagination: he sees an hermitage at the entrance of a forest, and runs to it. A venerable hermit receives and welcomes him with the most tender humanity, and gives him what he much wished for, brown bread and milk for his child. Whilst the hermit was preparing a rural supper for his guest, Placid, after having fed the child, lays her on a bed of leaves and straw; and the little girl, who enjoyed perfect health, smiles at him, and soon falls fast asleep. Placid, who had not yet had time to examine her, eyes her with pleasing delight; he admires her beauty, her freshness, and that captivating charm of peace and innocence which renders the physiognomy of a sleeping infant so affecting: while thus regarding this angelic little creature, Placid for the first time remarked, that a golden chain, of most exquisite workmanship, was hung round her neck, from which was suspended a little cross, enamelled in blue. Innocent creature! said Placid, the sight of thee would not have moved the devastating tigers of this sad hemisphere; but it can reconcile a pure and sensible soul to human nature! Celestial infant! I will call thee Placidia. O! how dear thou wilt be to me! Thou shalt be the wife of my Theophilus; you will both be happy; free and pure, you will grow together like the rose and the olive-tree of the fields; and, like the lambs of our meadows, who have never feared the murderous tooth of wolves, you will be ignorant that bad people exist; for you shall never leave our valley! In seeing you enjoy this happiness, I shall console myself for having lost it.

(To be continued.)

UNCLE JOHN;

A Tale.

IN a small, but elegant villa, situated within two miles of Tiverton, resided Mrs. Montgomery, a widow lady respectably connected, but whose limited income rendered the retired life she had chosen a matter of equal propriety and inclination. She had one daughter, an interesting girl of seventeen, on whom her fondest hopes rested; and if she ever breathed a sigh of regret, at the thought of being shut out from the scenes of her happier youth, it was because this dear girl must necessarily be deprived of those advantages which wealth and an exalted station in society afford. Mrs. Montgomery had, indeed, prospects for her child, which she was too prudent to disclose, lest, in the instability of human affairs, a disappointment should occur, which she trembled to anticipate; for she found it impossible, out of the pension, which, as an officer's widow, she then enjoyed, to lay by sufficient to secure any thing like a decent competence for her Emily. She had, however, a wealthy relative in a distant country, with whom she had kept up a regular correspondence, and who had at various times, dropped hints that the little Emily should be his heiress; and though these hints almost bore the form of promises, Mrs. Montgomery had too much knowledge of the world to place entire dependence thereon. Anxious, however, to be prepared for the utmost possible good luck, and at the same time guard against the reverse, she educated her daughter in a manner that might qualify her for any station in life; and while she permitted her to acquire those accomplishments, which are almost indispensably requisite in genteel society, she suffered her not to neglect even the humblest branches of domestic occupation. Happily, she found the disposition of Emily fa-

vourable to her views; affectionate, lively, wholly devoid of pride or self-conceit, she was endeared to the few who knew her, and ever ready to promote the comfort, or contribute to the pleasure, of every individual who happened to be placed within the reach of her kind offices; and on this sweet urbanity of character, **Mrs. Montgomery** built her strongest hopes.

Of the wealthy relation already alluded to, **Emily** had frequently heard mention; but not as one from whom she had any right to build presumptuous views, but as one whose amiable qualities claimed her tenderest regard, and whose approbation alone must constitute her supreme felicity, as it was never bestowed but on objects of extraordinary merit. As soon as **Emily** had attained an age when she might be deemed capable of appreciating individual excellence, the picture of this esteemed relative was shewn to her, and she easily learnt to love one to whom her beloved mother seemed so tenderly attached, and from whose lips she heard nothing but the warmest panegyrics. "Oh! how I wish my uncle John could see this!" was her constant exclamation whenever she finished a drawing, or piece of beautiful work; and, "Oh! how I wish my uncle John would come to England!" was repeated almost every day, till, by the constant repetition of his name, and her anxiety for his approbation, she insensibly acquired a habit of loving and respecting one, whom she had never seen, and of whose sentiments towards her, she was entirely ignorant. As she advanced in years, however, she examined the portrait of uncle John with more scrutinizing attention, and upon comparison with most of the persons she had chanced to be acquainted with, made no scruple of declaring, that she had never seen a man so handsome as uncle John. **Mrs. Montgomery** was delighted with her infatuation; but was too delicate to mention half of this to her brother, lest he should consider it the adulation of a parasite; she therefore contented herself with merely observing that her **Emily** was already prepared to love him, and was most anxious for his return to his native

country, an event, which, she trusted, he had already in contemplation. Mrs. Montgomery soon received an answer to this letter which confirmed her hopes, and gave inexpressible joy to Emily, who no sooner was informed that her uncle John had actually secured a passage to England, than she gave way to all the innocent delight which such a long wished-for gratification was capable of inspiring.

As the time drew near, when it was reasonable to expect some account of uncle John's arrival, Mrs. Montgomery began to make a few necessary preparations for the reception of her guest, and in consequence either she, or her daughter, had occasion to make frequent excursions to the neighbouring village. One evening, when Emily had been on an errand of this nature, her mother began to feel considerable alarm at her not returning within the usual space of time; hour after hour passed away, yet Emily came not; and Mrs. Montgomery, in dreadful alarm, was just preparing to set out in search of her loved truant, when she perceived her approaching with a hurried step and agitated countenance. "For heaven's sake, what has kept you so long, Emily?" she exclaimed in a tone unusually harsh; "I have been in the greatest alarm, and dreaded some fatal accident; but your looks tend to reassure me, in some measure. Speak, child; what has detained you so long?" As she repeated this enquiry, she fixed her eyes on the face of her daughter with earnestness, and was not quite pleased with the suspicious glow which mantled on her cheek. "I cannot tell you now, mama; indeed I cannot; but you shall soon know, and the knowledge will give you pleasure." "A secret from me, Emily," said Mrs. Montgomery, with a tone of surprise and mortification; "this is strange indeed!" "Now, dear mama," cried Emily, throwing her arms fondly round the neck of her mother, "do not look so grave, or I shall be obliged to tell you all, and that would spoil the sweetest surprise. Oh! no," she added playfully, "you must let me have my way this once." "Emily," returned Mrs. Montgomery, gravely,

"I should be sorry to suspect you of an action or sentiment which you can be ashamed to acknowledge; therefore I command you to tell me this secret, as you call it."

"Well then, dear mama, since you command it, I dare not disobey. I have seen him—he is here!" "Seen whom? who is here?" repeated Mrs. Montgomery eagerly. "Uncle John!" cried Emily, clasping her hands with a look of exultation. "Yes! I walked and talked with him; but I did not tell him who I was; he intended to take us by surprise; but I knew him directly." "You astonish me, Emily; surely you must be mistaken." "Oh! no, mama, I have looked at his picture too many times not to be certain of every lineament, and though there may be some little difference, yet I knew the original instantly; he has not been above two hours in the village, and only left the ship this morning, so that he would have popped upon us unawares, if it had not been for me."

Mrs. Montgomery would have asked her daughter a number of other questions, had not her thoughts been thrown into confusion by the sudden, though not unexpected, arrival of her brother; and she now recollects several little arrangements which required immediate attention. As for poor Emily, she was in such a flutter, that she scarcely knew what to do; and in her eagerness to place every thing in order, threw every thing into confusion. At every sound, she ran eagerly to the window, and at every repeated disappointment, pettishly exclaimed, "What can detain him at that odious village? I wish I had told him who I was, and made him return with me." Mrs. Montgomery was amused by her daughter's impatience; but suffered her to vent her unusual petulance without observation. At length, supper time drew near, and she began to think that her brother did not intend to visit them that night, when, just as they were sitting down to a repast, for which their zest was spoiled by that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," a post-chaise drove up to the door, and "It is he! it is he!" burst from their lips at the same instant. Mrs. Montgomery flew to the

door, and was soon in her brother's arms, while Emily, inexpressibly agitated, shrunk back, and playfully covered her face with her hands, as her mother re-entered the parlour, and announced—"Uncle John!" Emily felt the kind embrace of her uncle; and, reassured, ventured to raise her eyes; but instantly retreating, with a look of the most ludicrous dismay, she exclaimed, "Good God, mama! that is not uncle John!" "What does the child mean?" enquired Mr. Mordaunt, apparently surprised and piqued by such an extraordinary assertion. "I know not, indeed," returned Mrs. Montgomery, regarding her daughter with a look of astonishment and alarm; "speak, Emily." Emily hesitated, coloured, and appeared irresolute; then with a smile of arch significance, and glancing at the portrait which was suspended over the chimney, replied, "Dear mama, it is not a bit like him; uncle John is young and handsome, and this gentleman is—" "Neither, I suppose you would say, Miss Montgomery," interrupted Mr. Mordaunt, with an accent which spoke his sense of the affront. Then turning to Mrs. Montgomery, he added, "In the details you have given me of your daughter's manners, Susan, you never mentioned that blunt sincerity which too frequently borders upon rudeness." Mrs. Montgomery looked reproachfully at her daughter. "I am wholly at a loss, indeed, to account for Emily's behaviour on this occasion," said she; "it is, in fact, totally unlike herself, and contrary to every thing that I have attempted to inculcate; in one respect, however, I must vindicate her: accustomed, as she has been, to contemplate a portrait drawn of you in early youth, she was not prepared for the change in your appearance, which twenty years' residence in a foreign country has naturally effected; and I, never giving the subject a thought, neglected to apprise her of it. I thought, however, as she expressed no surprise at your first interview—" "Our first interview!" repeated Mr. Mordaunt, "why is not this our first interview? really, sister, I think both you and the girl are mad. Come, come, I have taken you by surprise, and

neither of you know what you are saying." Mrs. Montgomery could not but discover that something was wrong, and the painful confusion under which Emily evidently laboured, convinced her that it would be injudicious to demand an explanation at that moment; she therefore endeavoured to laugh it off; and by turning her attention entirely to her brother's accommodation, convince him that he was a welcome guest. While Emily, rejoiced at having escaped an examination she dreaded, rallied her spirits, and strove by the most winning attentions to do away the unfavourable impression which her former incautious abruptness must have made upon the mind of her uncle John.

(*To be continued.*)

A GASCON'S REVENGE.

AN officer was repeating a story in a large party, when a gentleman who was present abruptly said, "That's not true; I know the whole affair." He then related the same story with so little variation, that there appeared nothing to justify him for giving the lie to the officer. The latter did not relish the affront; and addressing himself to the gentleman of Cahors, he said, "You are very bold, sir, to dare to give me the lie; if I were near you, I would box your ears, to teach you how to behave yourself; and you may consider the blow as *already given.*" All the company were alarmed for the consequences of such a threatening address; but the Gascon, so far from appearing uneasy or disconcerted, assumed a serious air, and replied, "And I, sir, to punish you for your insolence, now run you through the body; so *consider yourself as dead.*" The singularity of the repartee, and the novelty of this method of revenging a blow, no less surprised than delighted the whole company; the officer himself joined in the general laugh, and the antagonists were reconciled.

ANNALS OF FEMALE FASHION;
IN WHICH
EVERY ANCIENT AND MODERN MODE
IS CAREFULLY TRACED FROM THE EARLIEST AGES TO THE
BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued from page 526, Vol. IX.)

FOR a short time after this incident had happened, matrons contented themselves with an embroidered kerchief, while youthful *belles* had no other ornaments for their heads than their own beautiful tresses, which, curiously braided and plaited, they formed into a kind of coronet. I am sorry to say, however, that this reformation was not lasting; and a short time only elapsed before the discarded head-dresses came again into fashion.

I perceive at this moment, that I have been declaiming all this time against a mode of which I have not yet given any description. This extraordinary head-dress then, my fair readers, was made of various materials; silk, gauze, velvet, and lawn, being used indiscriminately. The lower part was a circlet, which went close round the head, or a caul which sat close to it; upon this, at each side, rose a cone, or spire, which resembled a steeple in being pointed at the top; these rose to an immense height, and were decked with ornaments according to the circumstances, or the taste of the wearer. Ladies who were very rich had them covered with ornaments of gold, or silver, or precious stones. Others, who could not afford such an expense, decorated them with streamers of various coloured ribands. Long pieces of gauze, or whatever other material the head-dress was composed of, were constantly attached to the top of it on each side, and hung down to a very considerable length behind.

Such was the head-dress worn with the fardingale and kirtle of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Who, after perusing this description of it, will dare to insult us with the praises of old times? What were our French hats a few years back, or our bonnets of the present day, compared to these gigantic *coeffures*, in which a lady might literally be said to resemble an elephant, and to carry a tower upon her head.

From the fourteenth century, till after the beginning of the sixteenth, we find the fardingale and kirtle maintain their ground. But let not the lovely fashionists of the present day think that their maternal ancestors sat quietly down for a period of two hundred years, or upwards, without making any change in their garments; no; the hoop was alternately contracted or enlarged; at one time, it assumed the form of a pyramid; at another, that of a bell. Sometimes its trimming consisted of rich embroidery; at others, it was worn without any garniture round the bottom. The kirtle also suffered various alterations; now it trailed to an immense length on the ground, and in some years afterwards, it was worn without any train at all.

For many years, the body of the kirtle was made as we have already described, almost up to the chin; but by degrees the stays were gradually cut down, till the neck and even the bosom were displayed more freely than was consistent with strict delicacy. It is true, that the neck, was in some degree veiled by the number of ornaments by which it was covered. The arm also was frequently left bare above the elbow for some years together, and then, perhaps, for as many more, the long sleeve came down to the wrist.

The fashion of dressing the head changed much oftener than any thing else; and it was generally in extremes; for when the commode with its long streamers disappeared, the hair was, for a considerable time, turned up quite tight round the head, and almost entirely concealed by the head-dress, which was either a handkerchief richly embroidered, or a hat with a peaked crown, and a brim narrow in the

front, but broad at the sides. This hat was frequently in the winter composed of costly furs, but more generally of velvet; it was ornamented either with the feathers of scarce birds, or jewels. In the summer, it was made of silk, and decorated with streamers of various coloured ribands.

Such were the changes which took place in the costume of the higher circles, previous to the arrival of Catherine of Arragon in England. This princess brought with her a style of dress, magnificent, it is true, but remarkable for its heaviness and bad taste. The fardingale, which was just before her days of a moderate size, swelled out in all directions. The stays resumed their pristine and unbecoming form; for Catherine's rigid notions of decorum forbade even the smallest exposure of any part of the person but the face. The dress of Catherine, and that of the ladies of her court, exhibited a mixture of the French and Spanish fashions, which did not certainly harmonize at all. They were, in fact, as opposite as the dispositions of the people; the French fashions, when not modified a little by the good taste of the other nations who adopted them, were in general glaring, always in extremes, and frequently *outré*; but, nevertheless, there was in the mixture of good and bad taste which formed them, a certain something so extremely *jauntee*, that nothing could be more at variance with the sober magnificence, the rich, but heavy drapery of Spain. I shall not now enter into a detail of the costume of that country, but content myself with particularizing those parts of it only, which the royal Catherine first introduced into England.

Over a fardingale *à la François*, that is to say, a hoop-petticoat of a bell shape, made very large, composed of gold, or silver silk, and richly adorned with a trimming, which was of a mixture of embroidery, fringe, and jewels, was a gown made in the Spanish fashion; the width and length of this garment were preposterous; it nearly met, but did not close in front; the body was made almost up to the chin, and the waist screwed down to the hips. It was composed of a material equally as rich as the petticoat,

and was trimmed round with points of a rich, but heavy embroidery in gold, or silver. The long, tight sleeve, slashed all the way up the middle of the arm, descended nearly to the tips of the fingers, and was finished with narrow ruffles of pointed lace. Two long strips of silk were affixed to the back of the dress, one to each shoulder; they were at least a yard in length; were narrow at the top, but broader towards the bottom; and were also trimmed with magnificent points. The handkerchief was of lace, of which material the head-dress also was partly formed.

The hair was raised to an enormous height by a cushion, composed of wool and horsehair, which was placed upon the top of the head; the hair was combed straight over this, and the head-dress, which was something in the form of a diadem, was placed on the summit of it. Lace and silk, or velvet and fur, were the materials of which it was composed, according to the different seasons of the year. It was only partially seen in front, as an ample black veil, which fell in folds, according to the Spanish fashion, at the feet of the wearer, covered the back part of the dress, and was brought forward occasionally to shade the face.

Such was the state of dress in England when the affections of the versatile and tyrannic Henry wavered from his august and affectionate consort, to whose resplendent virtues even he bore honourable testimony, and became fixed upon the youthful and lovely Anna Bullen, who was as superior to Catherine in beauty and taste, as she was inferior to her in all the virtues that could dignify the female character, or adorn a throne.

The first act of the young queen was to shew that she considered herself sovereign arbiter of fashion to her people; for she totally discarded the heavy style of dress adopted by Catherine, and but partially introduced the then prevailing modes of France, where, as many fair readers no doubt recollect, she had been educated. The fact was, that she trusted in a great degree to her own invention and taste; and she was right to do so; for she

possessed an uncommon share of both. She had besides, a form so exquisitely proportioned, and a countenance so attractively lovely, that whatever she wore was sure to become her.

A retrospective glance at the fashions then prevalent in France, will place the infringements of the young queen in the strongest point of view. The fardingale, which I have already described as forming a part of the apparel of Catherine, was then worn in nearly the same shape as when she ascended the throne. A gown of rich silk, with a long train, but of a moderate width, was worn with it; a short sleeve, which came a little below the elbow, had three or four heavy cuffs, one above another, which were richly embroidered. The dress was very much cut down in the bust, but the neck was partially shaded by a gauze handkerchief. The head-dress, which was called a *commode*, was not much unlike in form to the one worn in the fourteenth century; it was not, however, so high, and the top part was round, instead of being formed as a steeple; it had pieces affixed to it in the same manner as the ancient *commode*; they were trimmed in general either with coloured, or gold, or silver fringe.

Such was the costume of France when Anna Bullen mounted the English throne, and appeared almost immediately after her coronation, in a dress whose elegant simplicity made it a pleasure to the young and lovely to copy it. The French fardingale and stiff stays were laid aside; the corset worn by the queen was calculated to support and display, instead of compressing and disfiguring the shape. The petticoat and gown were formed of silk tissue of a light, but rich texture, which sparkled with spots, or stars of gold, or silver, instead of the heavy flowers, or grotesque figures, which were formerly woven in it. The gown was made to fit the natural shape exactly; it still swept the ground in graceful folds behind; but it was short enough in front to display the foot, enveloped in sandals and rich silk. The sleeve just turned the elbow, and was finished with a single cuff slightly embroi-

dered. The neck and bosom were displayed by the manner in which the dress was cut. The hair was dressed in ringlets, which waved in careless luxuriance over the forehead, and in the back of the neck; and the head, neck, and arms, were adorned, according to the wealth, or taste of the wearer, with jewels, or ornaments of gold or silver. These were either stars, or *circlets*; but when in jewels, they were more commonly the former.

One may easily imagine, that though the generality of the court ladies adopted the queen's style of dress, her sincere partizans were only among the young and beautiful. The old and ugly deplored the downfall of fashions in which the marked difference between themselves and their handsome acquaintance was not so visible; and they eagerly seized the opportunity which the untimely fate of the beauteous Anna afforded them, to return to the fashions of Catherine's day, or else to adopt the French modes, which continued to be nearly what we have described, till after Mary ascended the throne of England.

(*To be continued.*)

QUEEN CAROLINE, CONSORT OF GEORGE II.

THOUGH the queen had such an ascendancy over the mind of her husband, she never abused it, either by encouraging political intrigue, or advancing any particular favourites. Her greatest ambition was to cultivate the esteem of men of learning, as her chief pleasure consisted in promoting the cause of virtue, in relieving the afflicted, and assisting modest merit. She corresponded with Leibnitz on the most friendly terms, but she encouraged Dr. Clarke in his controversy with that lively, but superficial metaphysician; and the doctor used to say, "that she understood what answers were to be given to Leibnitz's arguments, before he drew up his reply to them, as well as he himself did."

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRATED WOMEN
OF THE
Present Century.

THE DUCHESS OF WEYMAR.

After the decisive battle of Jena, the French army, commanded by Napoleon in person, was expected at Weymar. The richest and the most distinguished people in the town, and especially the members of the reigning family, fled to Brunswick, because the Duke and his troops were serving in the Prussian army, and they feared that the conqueror would be revenged on them. The Duchess alone determined not to abandon her capital. She withdrew to a wing of her palace with her ladies of honour, and prepared the principal apartments for the Emperor. As soon as he arrived, the Duchess, quitting the small apartment she had reserved, placed herself at the top of the grand staircase, to receive him in due form. "Who are you?" said Napoleon, on seeing her.—"I am the Duchess of Weymar."—"In that case, I pity you; for I shall crush your husband." He paid no more attention to her, but withdrew to the apartment which was intended for him.

The next morning, the Duchess learnt that they had begun to plunder the town. She sent one of her chamberlains to enquire after his health, and to request an audience. This step pleased Napoleon, and he ordered him to invite the Duchess to breakfast. As soon as she entered the room, he began, according to his custom, to question her. "How could your husband, madam, be mad enough to make war against me?"—"Your majesty would

have despised him, if he had acted otherwise."—"Why so?"—"My husband has been twenty years in the service of Prussia. The Duke could not in honour abandon him at the moment the king had to contend with so powerful an enemy as your Majesty." This dexterous and suitable answer seemed to soften the Emperor.—"But how is it that the Duke is attached to Prussia?"—"Your Majesty cannot be ignorant that the junior branches of the house of Saxony have always followed the example of the Elector. Now the policy of this prince having determined him to enter into an alliance with Prussia rather than Austria, the Duke could not avoid following the example of the chief of his house." The conversation turned for some time upon the same subject. The Duchess continued to evince, that the resources of her mind were equal to the elevation of her soul. At last Napoleon exclaimed, rising, "Madam, you are the most respectable woman I ever met with. You have saved your husband. I pardon him, but he owes it entirely to you. At the same time, he ordered the plunder of the town to be discontinued, and it was instantly obeyed. Some time after, he signed a treaty, which secured the existence of the Duchy of Weymar; and he gave an order to the courier who was the bearer of it, to present it to the duchess.

AT the time the armies of Bonaparte were arriving in Saxony, the year after his fatal Russian campaign, one of his partizans was still boasting of his resources, in the presence of one of the princesses of the royal family, who was not of the same opinion, and saying to her, that thanks to his arms and protection, the Saxons would soon be as if in Paradise. "I doubt it not," answered the princess, "for he has already stript them naked."

THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY;

OR,

Historical Essays

ON GREAT EVENTS RESULTING FROM MINUTE CAUSES.

INTRODUCTION.

ANXIOUS to be made acquainted with the springs which set the world in motion, and with the causes whence originate the events that succeed each other with such rapidity, I have read History with particular attention. The fall of Adam was the first object that offered itself to my view; from his days to the present time, the chronological lists of those revolutions that have occurred, are only monuments of human weakness.

The slightest motives prompt men to undertake the most hazardous achievements, and to exert their utmost efforts. The minutest circumstances, however, will occasion thrones to be subverted, empires to crumble down, and new ones to be erected in their stead. In fine, the greatest events not unfrequently result from the most insignificant causes.

Some, perhaps, will censure my introducing love as a minute cause; but, prior to judgment being passed, I beg the reader will view the circumstances whence the events have sprung.

The love of Helena for Paris occasions the siege and destruction of Troy.

HELENA, daughter of Tyndarus, King of Sparta, was possessed of such extraordinary beauty, that she was looked upon as a wonder. Every king in Greece aspired to the happiness of marrying so beauteous a princess; and in hopes of obtaining her hand, they all repaired to Sparta.

Tyndarus was highly flattered at seeing so many monarchs come to visit his court, and who found themselves honoured by a single look from his daughter; this gratification, however, was occasionally damped by reflection. The more he observed their partiality for Helena, the more he felt his inquietude increase. He could entertain no doubt but that those who should indispensably be refused, would find themselves affronted; and that, actuated by disappointment, they would unite against him, and seek revenge in his overthrow.

As his uneasiness augmented daily, he consulted Ulysses, king of Ithaca, whose prudence was renowned and admired throughout all Greece. Ulysses gave him very good advice, which he abided by; he assembled all his daughter's suitors, and exacted of them a solemn oath to agree to her own choice, and to form a coalition to protect and support the favoured lover against any one who might pretend to dispute the prize.

Helena, smitten by the beauty of Menelaus, the brother of Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, gave him the preference; and for three years' continuance, they enjoyed unparalleled connubial bliss. Meanwhile Alexander Paris, second son of Priamus, king of the Trojans, finding that the kingdom of Troada was to be the portion of his brother Hector, resolved to go in quest of a settlement elsewhere. He traversed Peloponessus, arrived at Sparta, and experienced at the sight of Helen all the raptures which a beautiful woman is liable to inspire. The enchanting image of the princess made a deep impression upon his heart, wherein it kindled all the fires of love. He sought every opportunity of seeing her again, and of speaking to her.

In those remote times, queens were not so well guarded as they are now-a-days. Paris therefore found means of making a declaration to Helen. He was young, handsome, well-made, and engaging in his manners. Helen had a feeling heart, and he soon obtained a return. As they loved each other with reciprocal affection, they wished never to be separated. For the sake of her lover, Helen relinquished her throne, and followed him to Troy, where

Priamus was weak enough to receive her. Menelaus, deprived of an adored wife, bemoaned his cruel destiny, was incensed against the ravisher, and caused all Greece to re-echo with his lamentations, and the recital of his sad loss. The kings were reminded of the oath they had taken, and hastened to act accordingly. Agamemnon, Ajax, Achilles, Philoctetes, &c. swear to overthrow the city of Troy, and prepare to go and lay siege to it.

Meanwhile, Priamus was spending the remainder of a long and peaceable life in the midst of his numerous family. The beautiful and virtuous Andromache, made it her constant study to please Hector, her husband. The industrious citizens, whose commerce flourished, lived in affluence and tranquillity. The husbandman was delighted at seeing his corn ripen; and exulted in the hopes of his labours meeting with their due reward. In fine, that harmony so beneficial, so requisite in society, prevailed in Troada.

An army of Greeks, however, made its appearance, and universal confusion ensued. Fear now took possession of every breast; the inhabitants of the country hastily sought a refuge in the city, the gates of which were instantly closed. The brave Hector flew to the ramparts; his example encouraged the most disheartened; they gather round him; follow him in every sally; and, for ten years' duration, resist every effort of the Greeks.

Hector at last was slain; the Trojans, now thrown into confusion and dismay, were unable to offer any further resistance; the Greeks entered the city, and immolated to their fury all that met their eye. Citizens, soldiers, princes, and princesses, indiscriminately were mowed down by the conquerors. Priamus himself was slaughtered in the temple where he had sought an asylum. The enraged Greek soldiery set fire to the four corners of the town, which was soon reduced to ashes. Menelaus met Helen again; his former love was rekindled; he forgave her infidelity, and conducted her back to Sparta.

(To be continued.)

ALFRED; AN HISTORICAL TALE.

(Continued from page 332, Vol. IX.)

HE began to play on the harp as soon as the soldiers had left their tents, and permitted them to conduct him to different parts of the encampments, endeavouring to divert them, and gain their confidence. He learnt that half the army had just departed with the sacred standard to go and besiege Cyndith, that such a legion was in want of officers, and such officers of soldiers. The armours were covered with rust, and thrown here and there, or heaped up in confusion, as if they had never been made use of, and the hand of the Lord had broken the bow and the lance of the Saxons. Alfred, humbled, said to himself, Do they then think, that I am no longer in existence? or have they no recollection how often we have made them bleed?—This painful feeling was soon effaced. The countenance of the hero shone with an austere joy; and seemed to summon them from this insolent confidence to future exploits. Alfred had seen enough of them. As soon as the attention of the soldiers was turned to another object, he left the camp for the adjoining hamlet. There, taking out his tablets, he wrote these words—

Alfred to his faithful friend.

Order all who can bear arms instantly to depart. Let them pursue their route through the most solitary forests and valleys, leaving Stowel and Dunkerton on their left. I shall expect them in the middle of the fourth night; and rely upon their coming. I shall be in the Danish camp, near the intrenchment which faces the hamlet of Leyford. I will myself open the gates to my soldiers,

and deliver our enemies to them without arms, discipline, or foresight; and notwithstanding their number, incapable of resisting us.

He finished; and the Saxon who had expected him, immediately went away, carrying the important letter under his tunic. Alfred addressed it to the minister of the Lord, that he might revive the spirits of his dejected followers.

But what motive can detain the prince? Why did he not return to his army? why will he not march at their head? He was laying plans to avert every danger. If he had left the weak Arthus in the midst of his enemies, that irresolute man, who, at first, had believed that he would triumph over them, and had been influenced by his fears, left in a state of uncertainty, might perhaps have rather chosen to betray the enterprize of Alfred, than share its danger. Had they escaped together, their flight, thus concerted, would have convinced the Danes that there was an understanding between them, and put them on their guard against the projects of the hero. Moreover, he thought that his soldiers would march with more confidence, if they saw him, as he wrote to Nestus, ready to deliver his enemies to them, and already master of their gates. But sometimes the winds conduct a vessel gently to the shore without either pilot or rigging, whilst at another time, they shipwreck within sight of land, that which was happily returning from a long cruise, after having surmounted a thousand dangers, and that the friends and relations of the passengers were already saluting with a thousand shouts of joy upon the sand; and is not fortune still more capricious than the winds?

Alfred immediately returned to the enemy. In his impatience, time seemed to slide away more slowly than the sand in the hour-glass of the solitaire. He had not at this time the resource of those candles which he afterwards invented, and which enabled him to ascertain and divide the

different portions of the day equally, and regulate his labour and his leisure.

In the interim, the messenger performed his journey. The next day, he arrived at the monastery, at the time the bell was ringing for the monks to sing the evening canticle. Nestus immediately orders the officers and soldiers to attend; and makes them acquainted with the commands of his master; but he does not inform them where Alfred is; he only tells Fermais to reveal this important secret to them when they perceive the enemy's camp. The news of the departure of the troops is circulated in the cloister, and gives birth to opposite sentiments. Some of the monks possessed those hard virtues which direct us in the pursuit of heaven, and only permit us to view this life as a transient trial, which secures its object with the more certainty, the more rough and beset it is with sorrow; but those who, born on foreign shores, had been forced from their country, impatient of the yoke and exile, hated England, their vows, and their king. Among the latter, Sanghar and Walter only waited for an opportunity to signalize their hate. They believed they had found it. All Alfred's friends and soldiers were in Athelingay; he was alone, and his ruin would be complete, if they pointed out the place of his retreat to the Danes. Could there be a more favourable time! A messenger was just come to Nestus; and they wanted to obtain the king's letter.—Our designs, said Walter, must be accomplished immediately, or not at all. Sent beyond the seas without our own concurrence, offered to a foreign prince, like vile animals, to be kept in this detestable prison, let us dare to free ourselves, and ruin him. Were we born slaves? Are we unfit to bear arms, and destroy our enemies? No, no, this day let Nestus perish, and to-morrow have no avenger; the Danes, no enemy, we no master. Every night, at ten o'clock, he enters this church to invoke his God. Sanghar, is thy heart equal to a great enterprize?—I understand thee, answers the foreigner; but if the blood

of Nestus would ensure our safety, it will not satisfy our hate. Thou knowest that the tyrant is celebrated for piety, and thou knowest the custom of Christians: if they were to find him murdered on the steps of the altar, they would make a martyr of him; and eternal glory would be attached to his memory. The year we arrived, a woman of East-Anglia came to this desert to hide the opprobrium of her licentiousness. He ought to be dragged to the threshold of her door to breathe his last.—And shall his blood be shed upon the altar?—Upon the altar? blood!—True—But are we not both against the old man? Dost thou hear me. Let us draw.—In this manner, were two men agreeing to commit the most diabolical act, without provocation, and without remorse; united in crime like two angels in virtue.

An imposing stillness pervaded the church. Night, beneath these solitary and uninhabited vaults, seemed to have more silence, darkness, and terror. Sometimes the moon's rays, breaking through the clouds, and passing across the lofty windows, fell upon the high stone statues, which seemed so many pale phantoms. The least noise resounded a great way, and a sonorous echo attested a profound silence. The shrieking of the bird of night was alone heard from time to time in the top of the edifice.

The two villains, hid behind an enormous pillar, kept their eyes upon the secret passage through which the unfortunate priest was accustomed to pass to prayer. Their eyes met the noble figure of Christ expiring upon the cross, and no longer able to uphold his head. Inaccessible to remorse, the imposing picture of the affliction of the just, made them tremble, uninured as they were to arms; and when their eyes chanced involuntarily to turn upon this great victim, they were frozen with an anticipated terror of the supreme judgment. But, O eternal justice, the innocent advance! A distant noise is heard; it increases; and the door opens. Nestus approaches with holy meditations; but his heart is full of hope. He falls on his knees upon the steps of the altar.—God of armies! cried he, God,

the protector of kings! the saviour of the wretched! hear the prayer of a faithful subject! thou who restoredst his original strength to weakened Samsom, who directedst the sling of David, and the sword of Macchabéus, fight this day for my young king! Confound his enemies and thine! If I have served thee with zeal for forty years, if my canticles have ascended to thee, if respect for thy sacred name has been extended by my word, O Lord! let Alfred's victory be my recompence!—Madman, behold thy recompence, said the villains; and both falling upon the old man, seized him by the grey hair, and threw him on the pavement of the temple!—O God! cries the pontiff, receive my soul, and pardon my assassins.—Already one of them kneels on the breast of the unfortunate man; he endeavours to stifle him, while the other searches for, and seizes Alfred's pocket-book. Nestus comprehends the cause of their conspiracy; till then, he was a resigned victim; now he is indignant, and struggles. It is not to preserve his life, but to unveil an infamous plot. He sends forth a piercing and terrible cry, like an anathema of the reprobate. The strength of his youth returns; he rises, leans his back against the altar; and twice he repulsed the murderers.—It is too much, said Sanghar; let not his blood accuse us, but let him die!—He says, and plunges his sword into his breast. Unskilful in handling arms, he did not give a mortal thrust. He was going to repeat his blow, but Nestus pushes his sword away. The cowardly Walter immediately seizes the old man's hands, raises them, and gives his accomplice an opportunity of killing him. He twice strikes at him; but Nestus' shrieks had filled the monastery with dread; the villains hear great tumult; and when the noise approaches, they seek their safety in flight, carrying away Alfred's pocket-book, and covered with the blood of his friend. In this confusion, they easily escaped, and took the road which led to the Danish camp.

(To be continued.)

THE

ADVENTURES OF A SOVEREIGN.

"TRULY," said I to myself, as I looked at a sovereign, which I had just received, "this piece of money is a fit emblem of those whose name it bears; brilliant and beautiful when it first came into use, but now, though so short a time has elapsed, its lustre is already gone. And how often has this been the case with human sovereigns! when they first assumed the regal power in the morning of life, while their hearts were still susceptible of all the softer feelings, they have dazzled us with the practice of virtues, which have shed a brighter lustre round them than all the pageantry of crowns or sceptres could bestow. But, alas! how speedily has this lustre been tarnished by ambition, avarice, or lust!"

"Truce to your moralizing," said a low, but distinct voice; "methinks, instead of sitting down to declaim on the vices of kings, a set of beings, whom, by the way, you gentlemen scribblers, inhabitants of the third and fourth stories of Grub-street, can know very little about, you ought rather to compose a hymn of thanks to the Muse, by whose lucky inspiration you wrote the poem through which you became possessed of me." "And pray," cried I, looking anxiously round the room, "who, in the name of wonder, are you?" "Why the poor battered sovereign, to be sure," replied the voice, "whose appearance you have been commenting upon so freely. But let me tell you, though my existence has been short, my adventures are already pretty numerous; and the scenes through which I have passed, if I were to relate them, might be found

amusing enough. I doubt whether they would not upon the whole be much more relished, by the generality of readers, than the Essay on which you are at present engaged." To say the truth, I was beginning to get a little tired of the abstract speculations into which this work had led me; and I was not sorry to have an opportunity of unbending a little. I therefore apologized to the sovereign for the unceremonious manner in which I had spoken of it, and professed my willingness to hear its adventures. My apology was graciously accepted; and it began, as nearly as I can recollect, in the following words:—

As my history, previous to my assuming my present shape, cannot be in any way interesting to you; I shall commence it at the moment in which I found myself, with several more of my own sort, delivered to the steward of a nobleman at the Bank. My new master was one of these common characters, whose lives present nothing worth recording; he was, in fact, a knave of an every-day description, who had risen from the lowest station by a systematic practice of roguery. From his hands, I passed immediately into that of his master, to whom he paid us all, with a declaration, that he had raised us with the greatest difficulty, and that it was the last money he could possibly procure. His lord did not allow him to finish his harangue, for hastily seizing the bag in which we were, he haughtily told him to leave the room; at the same time, he rung the bell; and ordered the servant who answered it, to enquire if his lady was at home, and whether he could see her. The servant returned in a moment, with her ladyship's compliments, and she would be glad to see his lordship. "I thought so," muttered he, as, taking us in his hand, he proceeded to his wife's apartment.

He approached her with a very frigid air; and she received him with great formality. "I have brought you the money, madam," said he, "which you have so tormented me for; but I must repeat, that it is cruel in you to worry me at this moment for a sum which I know you

cannot be in want of, when you are aware how much it distresses me to pay it."

"I think, my lord," replied she, "you ought to know me better than to suppose I would torment you for money, if I had not a pressing occasion for it."

"Pooh! pooh! don't I know what you call pressing occasions! some scoundrel of a tradesman, I suppose, has been making up a long face and a long bill, and persuading you that he will be ruined, if it is not paid."

"That was the case, I acknowledge, the last time I applied to you; but it is not now; my tradespeople's bills have been paid."

"The devil they have!" cried his lordship, surprised out of his formality; "and how, pray?"

"By a temporary sacrifice of my jewels."

"What occasion then can you have for money? If it is for a play debt, surely you can obtain a little time to pay it in; nobody but a brute would refuse you that."

"Indeed, my lord," replied she sarcastically, "I run no risk of taxing the humanity of your noble associates; I have no play debts."

"Why then what, in the name of wonder, can you want the money for? Is it to found a conventicle, an hospital, or a charity-school?"

"When I told you, my lord, that I wanted the money, I expected to be believed on my word, because you know how sacred I hold it; if you insist upon my explaining the purpose for which I want it, I will do so; but I would advise you, for your own sake, not to enquire farther."

"Indeed, but I must; I am certain you can have no calls for it half so pressing as mine."

"You will not think so, if you force me to tell you the purpose to which I mean to appropriate it."

"Well, madam," cried he, haughtily, "let us waste no more time in words; I insist on knowing what this purpose is to which I am to be sacrificed."

"'Tis to provide for a motherless babe; to shelter the helpless innocence of one who has no friend on earth, save

an almost broken-hearted grandmother, who would ere this have sunk into the grave, had she not struggled to live for the sake of the poor child, whose birth plunged her, till then, respectable family into infamy."

"And how does that concern you?"

"It does concern me nearly, for the person whose interest, and whose honour are most closely connected with my own, has caused this ruin. See here, my lord," continued she, throwing open the door of an adjoining apartment, and leading in a beautiful boy of about four years of age; "look on this child, this living image of the lost Sophia, and say, does not his fate concern me!"

Never surely did virtue in a human form appear more lovely than in the person of Lady V—— at that moment. Her husband gazed on the child with a look of mingled agony and remorse. "Yes!" cried he, "it is indeed the image of that poor wronged one. Oh, Amelia! I see you know all; but at this moment, you cannot detest me more than I detest myself."

I will not repeat the manner in which this angelic woman laboured to reconcile her guilty husband to himself, but will briefly give you an explanation of the scene I have just related. A little before the marriage of Lord and Lady V—— took place, he was captivated by the beauty of Sophia M——, the daughter of a deceased clergyman, who lived with her mother in humble, but contented privacy. Sophia's only failing was vanity; and V—— took advantage of it to ruin her. But, though frail, she was not depraved; in an agony of grief, she confessed her guilt, and its probable consequences, to her mother, who immediately secreted her from her betrayer; the news of whose marriage, shortly afterwards, joined to her remorse, preyed so much upon her spirits, that her constitution became completely undermined, and she expired in giving birth to a boy. His fate was a constant source of unhappiness to his grandmother; religious both by nature and education, she felt her whole soul revolt from the thought of placing him under the care of a father whose principles

were so depraved; and she had not a friend on earth to whom she could entrust him. From her advanced years, and infirm state of health, the necessity of finding him a protector was becoming daily more obvious, and the heart of the doating grandmother was nearly broken at the idea of leaving him destitute, when Heaven inspired her with the thought of applying to Lady V——. Some time before she did so, Lord V—— received a sum of money to which his lady was entitled; she had often applied to him for it in vain; but now the generous purpose to which she meant to appropriate it, gave her spirit to persist in her importunities; the consequence of them was the scene I have just related.

To do him justice, vicious as he had been, he seemed to be penetrated with a true sense of his wife's amiable conduct, as well as of his own unworthiness. I cannot, however, inform you whether he realized the vows of amendment which he made at the feet of his Amelia, because I passed the next day from the hands of her ladyship to those of Mrs. M——, who paid me to a tailor for her grandson's first suit; and he directly lent me to a Dandy, who called on him to order a pair of long stays, and who desired, with an air of easy indifference, that I might be added to his bill, which, however, at the moment he was speaking, he did not intend ever to pay, if he could help it.

(To be continued)

MR. PITT AND THE DUCHESS OF GORDON.

THE late hours of dining in the fashionable circles were neatly censured by the late Mr. Pitt. "Mr. Pitt," said the Duchess of Gordon, "I wish you to *dine* with me this evening at ten." "I am sorry I cannot wait on your Grace," replied the minister; "as I am engaged to *sup* with the Bishop of Lincoln at nine."

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR JUNE, 1819.

THE loan, which is for twelve millions, was taken by Mr. Rothschild on Wednesday, the 8th instant; Ministers have solemnly pledged themselves, and it is devoutly to be hoped, that, in this instance, they will keep their word, that this will be the last loan required of them during the continuance of peace.

The new taxes have passed both houses, but not without considerable opposition; they are as follow—An increased duty on malt, British spirits, tobacco, coffee, cocoa, tea, and pepper. We cannot but regret, that additional duties should be laid on some of these articles, because they are so necessary for the comfort of the middling and lower classes, who, from the pressure of the times, can hardly afford to purchase them even at the present prices. If the work of reform and retrenchment, so long talked of, was set about in earnest, there would be no necessity for additional taxes; and if sacrifices must be made, they ought not certainly to fall wholly on those who are least able to bear them. Notwithstanding party clamour, no sovereign of England was ever more personally dear to her people than queen Anne, and she owed her popularity less to the splendid victories, which graced the first ten years of her reign, than to the warm feeling which she always evinced for her people. She gave a noble proof of her love for them, when, in a time of public calamity, she came forward, and voluntarily offered to give up a hundred thousand pounds of her annual income for several years, in order to alleviate their burthens. An act like this, would, at the present moment, buy for the Regent “golden opinions” from all classes of his subjects.

The weavers of Carlisle, and its neighbourhood, have turned out for an increase of wages. According to their statement, which we have every reason to think is correct, it appears, that, by the utmost exertion of their labour, they cannot procure more than one shilling per day. It is impossible to reflect without shuddering on the fate of those unfortunates who have wives and families to support out of this miserable pittance ; their sufferings must be, indeed, past endurance. We rejoice that an arrangement has taken place between them and their masters, by which some increase of wages has been granted them ; they have in consequence returned to work ; but the same spirit of dissatisfaction has shewn itself since in other parts of the country ; and, indeed, the decay of trade, and the consequent depression of wages in every quarter is truly alarming.

The Prince Regent's birth-day was celebrated on Thursday, the 17th instant. His Royal Highness determined, after the example of king George the Second, to hold a drawing-room for the reception of ladies. The company was the most numerous and splendid that has been seen at the drawing-room for several years, doubtless in compliment to the occasion. The presentations were very numerous. It is understood, that St. George's day will, in future, be observed for the celebration of his Highness's birth-day.

On the 27th of May, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cumberland was safely delivered of a prince, after a very dangerous labour. The child was at first supposed to be still-born, but proper means being resorted to, he soon gave signs of life. Both the mother and child are at present doing well ; they are said to owe their preservation, under God, to the skill and care of Dr. Siebold, her Highness's *accoucheur*.

The emigrations from this country, and from Scotland, for America, daily increase ; but they are still more numerous from Germany. While we deeply lament the hard necessity which drives our countrymen to seek a home in

other climes, we cannot but wonder that the Cape of Good Hope has escaped their notice; since the advantages which it offers to Emigrants, are, in every respect, superior to the United States.

Our advices from the continent bring no news of great importance. Appearances, however, seem to authorise the idea, which has for some time been entertained, that an important change is likely to take place in Sweden. The Emperor Alexander is assembling an immense body of troops in St. Petersburg, ostensibly for the purpose of a grand review; but his real motive is said to be an intention of replacing the young Gustavas of Sweden on the throne which his father abdicated. There is no knowing how the Swedes will relish this arrangement; but there is one thing certain, Charles John possesses personally many claims to their affection; he has behaved himself in trying circumstances with great magnanimity, and has always evinced the truest regard for the interests of Sweden. If hostile measures are resorted to, there is every reason to suppose the struggle will be a desperate one.

The French king's health is said to be nearly re-established. Party rage is still as violent as ever; but the situation of the country is evidently improved; her navy is at this moment in a formidable condition, and likely to become still more so; and the funds have, within this last month, looked up very much. An epidemic fever has recently broken out at St. Valery, which has swept away a great number of persons.

The South American Patriots, under the command of Sir Gregor Mac Gregor, have obtained possession of Porto Bello; they had an easy conquest; for the Spanish troops fled immediately on their landing. It is likely that the conquest of Porto Bello will be followed by that of Panama.

By our last accounts from Lima, we learn that the Viceroy was in daily expectation of being attacked by the squadron under Lord Cochrane; it appears, however, that there is a sufficient force at Lima to defend the city

against the invaders, even if they should make good a landing at Callao.

The United States seem to have cast a longing eye on Cuba. There is an article in one of the American papers, which attempts to prove, in a very elaborate style, that it ought to be in their possession; and that Spain would act most unwisely in giving it to us. The fallacy of this assertion will be very obvious, if we consider the present situation of Spain, who, if she gives up Cuba to America, will place a dangerous power in their hands. The American papers have of late assumed a very high tone; and they take every opportunity of shewing their hatred and jealousy of Great Britain. It is highly important to us at this juncture, to obtain possession of Cuba, which we might easily gain from Spain by purchase. We know not whether this measure will be adopted; but the power it would give us of curbing America, as well as the other advantages which we must derive from it, are so obvious, that we heartily wish it may.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

THIS house closed on Tuesday the 8th instant. The performers are at present at the Haymarket theatre, which opened on the 17th with the comedy of The Poor Gentleman; Munden was the Sir Robert Bramble; and we never saw him play it with more vigour and effect. It appeared, indeed, as if all the performers in abandoning their late Colossal edifice, had shook off also the sombre spirit which seemed to paralyze their efforts while they performed in it; for they played with more nature and spirit than we

have lately seen them exert; the moderate size of the house too, no doubt, made the performance appear to greater advantage.

COVENT-GARDEN.

ON Wednesday the 9th instant, Mrs. Siddons performed the part of Lady Randolph, for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. C. Kemble. Her conception of the character was evidently as true to nature as ever, but her physical powers do not keep pace with her mental ones; her spirit preserves its original brightness, but its once grand and beautiful temple bears evident marks of the hand of time; her voice, to which every chord of our hearts used to respond, has lost much of its power, and more of its sweetness; her deportment is still as graceful as ever, but its dignity and energy are visibly on the wane. There were, however, moments in which she burst upon us in all the brightness of her meridian splendour; her account of the cruel stroke which had blighted her youth, was given with much pathos; and her high-souled scorn of Glenalvon's adulterous passion, was finely expressed. But it was in her scene with old Norval that she seemed most effectually to rally her powers; her transitions from doubt, terror, and almost despair, to maternal transport, were admirable; and in her subsequent disclosure of herself to young Norval, she proved that she had not forgotten how to draw tears from her auditors. She was enthusiastically applauded, both on her entrance, and throughout the performance. The play was strongly cast; Mr. C. Kemble was an able and natural representative of Douglas; and Young's Old Norval was one of the finest pieces of acting we ever witnessed.

The new actor, Mr. Yates, who came out in the character of Falstaff, at this theatre, bids fair to become a rival of Mathews, in his peculiar line. He has appeared

in a new piece called *Cozening, or, Half an Hour in France*, in which he personates seven different characters; *Dick Mutable*, a wild young fellow; the porter of a French hotel; an English Tragedian; a Traveller from Greenland; a French Tragedian; a Lecturer on the French language; and, finally, his own father, an English Alderman. He imitated Kemble, Kean, and Terry, very successfully, though somewhat extravagantly. His imitation of the French style of tragic acting was too much a caricature; but it was a very diverting one. His chief excellence lay in the fidelity with which he copied Mathews; all the peculiarity of whose manner, tones, and gestures, he gave with the greatest exactness; nor did he, during the whole scene, which was a long one, lose sight of his original for a moment. He was loudly applauded; and the piece has had a great run. We are far from wishing to derogate from his merits, but, in our opinion, this species of exhibition is disgraceful to a national theatre; Mr. Yates has powers, which, rightly directed, would entitle him to a higher rank in his profession than he can ever hope as a mere mimic to occupy; and we have little doubt, that, with industry and application, he might gain that applause as an actor, which he now receives merely as a successful imitator.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

SATURDAY the 5th instant, Mathews closed a season which he stated, in a Parting Address, to have been uncommonly successful. He declared, that it always was, and would continue to be, his object to avoid wounding private feeling; and that he should endeavour, by shewing how easily peculiarities of manner, if indulged in, might become disgusting, to be of the same service to the cause of manners, as the satirist may, if he pleases, be to the cause of morals. His farewell was much applauded.

The summer performances have commenced at this theatre, with Lionel and Clarissa. Dowton was the Colonel Oldboy; and when we say, that we never saw him play it better, we cannot give him higher praise. Miss Carew was the Clarissa; she is pleasing and interesting in minor characters, but Clarissa requires higher powers, both of acting and singing, than Miss Carew possesses. The Jenny of Miss Kelly was in her best manner; nothing can be more natural, spirited, and chaste, than Miss Kelly's delineation of low comic characters; but at this theatre, she is made too much an actress of all work; her powers are versatile, but not sufficiently so to embrace the range of characters here assigned her. She has recently played Clara in the Duenna, a part not adapted in any way to her talent; her forte is broad humour, or simple pathos; but she has not the elegance, either of person or manner, which we expect to find in the representative of romantic heroines. There is another reason too why we do not wish to see her in the part; the songs of Clara demand a first-rate singer. Harley, Wrench, Pearman, and Mrs. Groves, have retained all their former claims to our favour. An operetta, called the Quadrille, has been brought out, and was favourably received; it is an amusing trifle, but of that light sort, that defies criticism.

LITERARY NOTICE.

JUST published, in a handsome octavo volume, illustrated with plates, "LETTERS FROM PALESTINE," descriptive of a Tour through Gallilee and Judea, with some account of the Dead Sea, and of the present State of Jerusalem.

ANGOLA; or, The Moss-grown Cell; a Poem, in four Cantos, by John Henry Church; price 5s.

Mr. Curtis has just published a second, and enlarged edition of his work on the ANATOMY, PHYSIOLOGY, and DISEASES of the EAR.





Fashionable Walking & Evening Dresses for July

Published July 1, 1812 by D. & J. Munday, Fleet-street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION
FOR JULY, 1819.

WALKING DRESS.

A JACONAUT muslin round dress, ornamented at the bottom of the skirt with welts, above which is a full flounce of work, which is surmounted by welts. The body is made high, tight to the shape before, and the back full; it has a small standing collar, finished with a triple row of lace, and plain long sleeves ornamented at the bottom with work. The pelisse worn with this dress, is composed of the palest lavender-coloured *gros de Naples*; the skirt is gored, and moderately full; the body is tight to the shape in front, the back has a little fulness at the bottom of the waist, which is finished with tabs; they are edged with white satin, small standing collar, lined with white satin. The sleeve is rather tight; it is finished at the hand with a fulness of white satin, formed into puffs by straps of the same material, and ornamented with an epaulette composed of three rows of pointed lace. The pelisse has no trimming in front, except a narrow edging of white satin; but it is finished round the bottom by a full flounce of white lace. Head dress, a Leghorn bonnet, ornamented with a bouquet of flowers on one side. Limeric gloves, and half-boots to correspond.

EVENING DRESS.

SOFT white satin slip, over which is a white British-net dress; the skirt is rich embroidered round the bottom in floss silk; the body is cut very low all round the bust, it is cut in points, and is a little lower than the white satin slip; the points are edged with narrow white silk trimming. Short full sleeve of net, over white satin; it is fancifully ornamented with narrow white silk trimming, which forms it into full lozenges. Head-dress, a *toque*, composed of white satin,

and white transparent gauze, of an oval shape, and higher than we have lately seen them; the crown is white satin, the lower part ornamented with puffs of gauze, let in; the upper part has two *rouleaus* placed one above another, of satin and gauze, intermixed. A small bunch of roses is placed on one side. The hair is disposed in full curls on each side of the forehead. Necklace and ear-rings, pearl. White satin shoes, white kid gloves.

Among the novelties of the present month, one of those which we consider most worthy of the attention of our fair readers, is a morning dress which has just been made for a public breakfast. It is a robe and petticoat, composed of fine jaconaut muslin; the bottom of the petticoat is trimmed in a very novel style, with a broad full trimming of soft muslin, which is slashed in different places; these slashes are edged with lace; a coloured riband passes through the trimming, and a rosette, composed of this riband cut in points, appears in every slash. There are three rows of this trimming, which is rather better than a nail in breadth; and between each is a row of very rich embroidery. The petticoat has a high body, made tight to the shape; the entire of the bust is composed of letting-in-lace; it is set in something in the same style as the braiding, which is laid in a byas direction across the points of spensers. The robe is in the Turkish style; it has a small collar which stands up in the back of the neck; the body is made loose; the fronts do not meet by nearly half a quarter on each side, so that the rich bust of the under dress is completely displayed; they are left loose, but the back part of the dress is confined to the waist by a band of riband, which is attached to each side of the back, and is ornamented in the middle with a full bow and short ends; the sleeve is very long, and of a moderate width. There is an epaulette, composed of a fulness of muslin formed into lozenges, by bands and bows of narrow riband; the bottom of the sleeve is ornamented with a single row of trimming, to correspond with the bottom of the petticoat, but upon a smaller scale. The skirt of the robe is nearly as long as the petticoat, but not quite; it is worked round the

bottom, and up the fronts, in a very rich and broad embroidered border; the fronts are gathered into the collar, which, as we before observed, comes no farther than the back of the neck, and they hang loose on each side, which has a very graceful effect.

Promenade gowns for the morning are always white; and the morning walking dress frequently consists of the robe, or round dress, worn at home, without any other addition than a silk handkerchief tied carelessly round the throat. Spencers, however, are still very fashionable, though they are seldom worn for the early morning walk; and pelisses, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, are frequently made of substantial silk. The most fashionable, however, both for the carriage and dress promenade, are those composed of fine clear muslin, and lined with slight silk; the skirts of these pelisses are made rather more than the usual width; they are gored, and the fulness is thrown a good deal behind; the backs are always full; the fronts tight to the shape, and the greater part are made without collars; they are high behind, but sloped down on each side of the bust, and have, in general, pelerines; the sleeves are rather wide; and there is always an epaulette, which is composed either of a triple fall of lace, or else of muslin, to correspond with the trimming. There is much variety in the manner in which they are trimmed; some are richly embroidered all round; and this embroidery is finished with a broad rich lace, set on at the edge; others have a trimming of muslin *bouillonné*, which is drawn into waves by casings drawn by narrow riband; others have a broad piece of muslin, or net, laid on very full, and formed into puffs by straps of the same material as the pelisse, which are lined also with silk to correspond; these straps are of various shapes, but they are always pointed at that part which goes up, and in general trimmed with narrow lace; they fasten with a silk button to correspond with the lining.

Bonnets afford no variety as to shape; they are all worn with low crowns and immensely broad brims; some of the brims are cut short at the ears, and this is the most be-

coming shape; others nearly meet under the chin. The most fashionable for the carriage, or dress promenade, are either wholly or partly transparent; the first are composed of either net or gauze; the shape is formed by satin welts; the others have a satin or *gros de Naples* crown, with a transparent brim; they are finished at the edge by blond, and always adorned with flowers. Bonnets composed wholly of *gros de Naples*, are nearly in equal request; and Leghorn is still considered most genteel for plain walking dress. Notwithstanding the warmth of the weather, figured poplins are very much worn in home dress; and silks are extremely fashionable for dinner parties; they are worn, indeed, in the fullest dress. Fashionable colours are prim-rose, peach-blossom, wild rose colour, and the lightest shades of fawn colour, lavender, and blue; bright grass-green, is also in great request.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

WHITE dresses still continue fashionable for the promenade; they are worn either with a pelerine of the same material, or a scarf of *crêpe de Bareges*, which is tied carelessly round the throat; it is about half a yard in width, and about a yard and a half in length; these scarfs are usually of a deep rose colour. Those dresses which are worn with pelerines only, are made low in general; the form is a frock which fastens behind; the pelerine being affixed to the dress, also fastens behind; it is round, of a moderate size, and is certainly advantageous to the appearance of the bust. Ruffs are still fashionable, but they are not universally worn, as many *élégantes* wear only a simple half handkerchief, composed of clear muslin, or leno, without any trimming, and put on so as partially to display the throat and a little of the front of the bust.

Gowns for full dress are now mostly composed of spotted gauze, and trimmed with blond; there are several falls, and they are put so close to each other, that, at a little distance, they resemble a *ruche*.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE BLACKBIRD.

“Hark! how it floats upon the dewy air.
Oh! what a dying, dying close was there!
‘Tis harmony from yon sequester’d bow’r,
Sweet harmony.”—

COWPER.

THE Blackbird pipes his ev’ning-lay,
And all the chirping choir is still,
List’ning their master-minstrel’s voice,
Attun’d with such melodious skill,
On dewy pinions, twilight grey,
Attracted by his tuneful power,
Quits the soft music of the spheres*
To hover round his leafy bow’r!

The little playful cottage-boy
Protrudes his rosy lips and tries,
With imitative sound, to mock
The gurgling cadence as it dies!
The weary woodman, homeward bent,
On the rude stile his faggot lays;
And, while he heeds the dulcet song,
Sighs for the scenes of other days!

* The morning stars sang together for joy. JOS. 38. 7.

“There’s not the smallest orb which thou behold’st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubim.” SHAKESPEARE.

Ev'n the tumultuous cares that press
 Upon my poor be wilder'd brain,
 Pause, as if consciousness were giv'n
 To feel the sweet magician's strain.
 And lo! as down the western sky,
 Apollo's fabled coursers run,
 The God, with burning blush, declares
 His own celestial lyre outdone !

Sing on, sweet bird ! thy ev'ning-lay ;
 Still make the woodland echoes ring ;
 And, Oh ! may false, ensnaring man,
 Ne'er bound the freedom of thy wing !
 May he who notes the sparrow's fall
 Protect from harm thy clay-built nest ;
 And be thy tiny span of life
 With ev'ry balmy pleasure blest !

1st May, 1819.

CHARLES FEIST.

SONNET

FROM THE "WAGGONER," BY W. WORDSWORTH.

AERIAL Rock—whose solitary brow
 From this low threshold daily meets my sight ;
 When I look forth to hail the morning light,
 Or quit the stars with lingering farewell—how
 Shall I discharge to thee a grateful vow ?—
 By planting on thy head (in verse at least,
 As I have often done in thought) the crest
 Of an imperial Castle, which the plough
 Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme !
 That doth presume no more than to supply
 A grace the sinuous vale and roaring stream
 Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity.
 Rise, then, ye votive Tow'rs, and catch a gleam
 Of golden sunset—ere it fade and die !

AN APOLOGY FOR LOVING OFTEN.

HE who loves but once alone,
Love's full power hath never known :
Only he true bliss can tell,
Who often loves, and always well.

When first the new created Sun
Began his morning course to run,
He pierc'd with pale and dubious beam,
The slumber of some nameless stream ;
Or onward as his chariot roll'd,
Tipp'd some lone mountain head with gold.
Till pacing from his Eastern gate,
Sublime he rode in lordly state,
And flung, in plenitude of day,
The glories of his noontide ray.
Then heav'n, and earth, and sea, and sky,
Teem'd from the fiery source on high ;
Wide rang'd the God o'er wood and hill,
Warm'd every rock, quaff'd every rill,
And Nature's universal frame
Drank life and gladness from his flame.*

So the fond youth but yields in part
To the first rifler of his heart :
But when once he breaks above
The twilight of his morning love,
Soft is every hand he presses,
Dear each lip his lip caresses,
Ev'ry cheek, and ev'ry eye,
Lap him in sweet phantasy.
Then, only then, the trembling boy
Feels the whole fury of his joy !

* "The laughing flowers which round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow."

Gray's Progress of Poetry.

Evening falls, and Phœbus leads
 The slow march of his downward steeds;
 Shorn is now that garish ray
 Which blaz'd in pomp and pride of day;
 And sweeter far, though far less bright,
 Plays his mild and soften'd light,
 Lingering, ere it sinks to rest,
 On some green island in the West.

Half-quench'd in life's fast ebbing stream,
 Thus shines true Passion's chasteñ'd beam,
 And throws its steadiest parting ray
 On all it lov'd in noontide day;
 Collects the radiance of its fires,
 And glows, and warms, as it expires.

ANON.

TO A WEEPING LADY.

PENSIVE fair one! lovely creature!
 Hide not from me all thy smart;
 Every action, ev'ry feature,
 Plainly some distress impart.

Has some lover's feign'd attention,
 Caus'd thy heart-distressing woe?
 Why dost thou in silence mention
 His last, solemn, broken vow?

Take thee comfort of no stranger,
 "Never let thy mind despair"—
 Think not thy fame would be in danger,
 Shouldst thou thy whole soul declare.

Ah! why dost thou fly and leave me?
 Does my presence grieve thy sight?
 Oh! believe me, to deceive thee,
 Never would give me delight!

Dost thou shun me as a lover?
Scorn me for my sex's fault?
Yet, still think—some may recover
From the general revolt.

Tell me but what makes thee languish;
Whence thy miseries arise;
Tell me—I can feel thy anguish—
Tell me—I can sympathize.

Has the baseness of thy suitor
Thy fond confidence betray'd?
Well I guess, thou doleful creature!
The sacrifice thy love has made!

Yet, forget to think thou'st lov'd him;
Think he never lov'd thee too;
Then those sighs which have reprov'd him
Shall return thee all thy due.

O! resolve not, for his baseness,
To despise all future love;
Though thou'st clearly prov'd his falseness,
Yet another true may prove.

One, perhaps, thy love contemneth,
Hides within the secret flame;
Yet, I know, thy love condemneth
Him, before thou know'st his name.

If thy love be fled for ever;
If thou *wilt* indulge thy woe;
If thy confidence can never
Abnegate thy secret foe—

Rest with this sweet consolation—
“Bliss there is, unknown, to come;”
And the day of retribution
Shall reward thee in the tomb.

Then the beast that *now* despises
 Shall this consolation crave—
 While the blooming flow'ret rises
 O'er thy humble, peaceful grave.

Pensher-Low-House, Durham.

T. WOOD.

SONNET TO A PRIMROSE.

SWEET name-sake! summer's earliest flower!
 Thy yellow buds perfume the gale;
 May no chill breeze, or icy shower,
 Deform thy leaves so pure and pale;
 Ah! with what rapture did I hail,
 In earlier days, thy opening blossom!
 And stole thee from from my native dale,
 To deck my then untroubled bosom;
 And I will pluck, and place thee there,
 Once more, sweet unassuming flower!
 Ah! no—my cruel hands forbear
 To spoil thee ere thy destin'd hour—
 Unwrong'd by me, still spread thy blossoms pale,
 And give thy gentle fragrance to the gale.

Thulé, 4th May, 1818.

ORA.

ELEGIAC REFLECTIONS.

THE shades of night each star disclosing—
 The happy on their couch reposing.
 Now guilty souls in dreams lie wreathing,
 Or fell revenge its purpose breathing;
 Pale melancholy brooding lonely,
 And pleasures past recalling fondly.
 Here, in the shade, so wild, so sweetly,
 Night's lovely birds with carols greet me;
 Serene the silv'ry moonlight beaming,
 And on the wand'ring river streaming;

Its winding course in mazes straying,
Like time, its current never staying.
As river's lost in ocean's bosom,
In time is lost each fond illusion.
Sweet fading dreams! evanid pleasures!
Which mem'ry fondly, fondly treasures.
Where are the parents, childhood nourish'd?
My bosom friend, love early cherish'd?
Ah! in the grave, beneath the willow
They sleep, upon their earthy pillow!
My faithful dog, whose friendship never,
In darkest hour, from me would sever—
Whose fawning ne'er express'd the feeling
Of outward love—yet hate concealing,
He too is gone—and soon for ever
The best and dearest death will sever.

W. S.—s.

—
FAREWELL TO MATILDA.

ADIEU, enchanting girl, adieu! for ever now farewell,
Ne'er shall I cease to think of you, nor cease thy praise to tell;
My heart and tongue shall join to praise the object of my love,
With all my pow'r the song I'll raise, Matilda's charms to prove.

The morning dawn my sighs shall hear, the evening shades shall
know,
Why down my cheek the briny tears, in quick succession flow;
The lofty hills and lowly vales, shall hear my plaintive strain;
The wintry storms and summer gales, shall witness all my pain.

To ev'ry brook, and shrub, and tree, I'll tell my tale of woe,
How, by her father's stern decree, was forc'd from love to go;
Was forc'd to leave the loveliest maid, of ev'ry hope bereft,
Thro' life's rough sea alone to wade, no gleam of comfort left.

Perchance, when youth's delicious bloom, and life's short transient day,
 Shall fade unheeded in the tomb, and there neglected lay,
 Fate may direct Matilda's way to tread the hallow'd ground
 In which my mould'ring relics lay, with others there around,—

The tear shall then bedew thine eye, in memory of the past ;
 And thou shalt live to think and sigh for me—while life shall last.
 Then fare-thee-well, Matilda dear ! farewell, my only love !
 May ev'ry good attend thee here, with blessings from above.

ERATO.

LINES.

THE kiss, dear youth, thy lips last left, shall never part from mine,
 Till happier hours restore the gift untainted back to thine ;
 The parting glance, that fondly beams, unequal love may see ;
 The tear that from my eyelid streams, can weep no change in thee.

I ask no pledge to make me blest, in gazing when alone,
 Nor one memorial from a breast, whose thoughts are all thine own ;
 By day, or night, in weal, or woe, that heart, no longer free,
 Must bear the love it connot shew, and, silent, ache for thee.

MARY ANN.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to request the indulgence of Mr. W. S—s for the non-insertion of "The Dupe of Sensibility" this month; it shall certainly be commenced in our next.

A Plan for improving the Condition of Female Domestic Servants, Lines by J. P. and "Jenny, the Nosegay Girl," shall meet with early attention.

Miss E. may receive an answer to her Communications at the Publishers.

Several other favours are received, but too late to be noticed in this Number.





Painted by Miss Rose Brinley Drummond.

Engraved by James Howorth.

Miss Margaret Taylor.

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